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Songs and Ballads

By

J. Lewis Browne

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THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

Cincinnati New York Chicago Leipsic London

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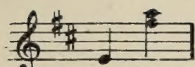
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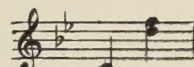


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High Voice.
(Original Key.)



Medium - Low Voice.

5

To George Barth Beck, Esq.

If still I have your love.

F. RAYMUND DANIEL.

J. LEWIS BROWNE.

Moderately fast. (♩ = 112)

It mat - ters not if days be dark, If

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderately fast. (♩ = 112)'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'It mat - ters not if days be dark, If' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a forte (f) dynamic marking.

still I have your love, — And days so drear are just as dear Though

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'still I have your love, — And days so drear are just as dear Though' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

clouds lie close a - bove, — And ne'er a loss shall be for me, If

The third system concludes the piece. It includes tempo markings 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'Quicker than at first.' The lyrics 'clouds lie close a - bove, — And ne'er a loss shall be for me, If' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'colla voce' marking.

rit. *ff* *p* *In time (slower than originally, but with marked rhythm.)*

still I have your love, — For all the days are joys, — And

rit. *ff* *p* *In time (marked rhythm.)*

briskly *ff*

all the nights are dreams, — Where love lights all the way — And

simile *ff*

rit. *fff*

gold - en sun - light beams. For

col canto *fff* *mf* **Tempo I.**

what if all the days are dim, And years and toil be long, — There's

accel. *f*

ne'er a sigh in all the sky, And Life and Love's a song, — If

accel. *f*

rit. *ff* *as before* *p*

I shall ev - er have your love, Though years and days be long. — For

colla voce *ff* *p*

ff

all the days are joys, — And all the nights are dreams — Where

ff

rit. *fff*

love lights all the way, — And gold - en sun - light beams.

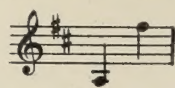
col canto *fff*

Nannette.

(Medium Voice.)

ROBIN LILLARD.

J. LEWIS BROWNE.



Not slow.

Brightly.

We saw the tide at flood, Nan - nette, In days of

yore, Come creep-ing o'er the shells, Nan - nette, To hide the

shore. _____ We saw the tide at ebb, Nan-nette, When twi - light

fell, Re - veal the shells a - gain, Nan-nette, And smile fare - well. But

ev - er the tide re - turned, Nan-nette, Ev - er the tide re -

turned, _____ Was true to the wait - ing shore, _____ Nan-nette,

*a tempo.****f***

True to the wait - ing shore. —

Tempo I.*no retard.****mf***

I saw your love at flood, Nan-nette, —

One gold - en day, — Shine bright in ten - der eyes, Nan - nette, —

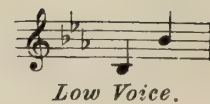
— Of liq - uid gray. — I saw your love at ebb, Nan-nette, Its

lus - ter fled, — The ten - der light of yore, Nan - nette, Was

cold and dead. And nev - er the light re - turned, Nan - nette,

Nev - er the light re - turned, — For strange is the tide — of

love, Nannette, Strange is the tide of love.



To Hugh Edgar Ryan, Esq.

O Gracious God.

ANNE STEELE. (1780)

J. LEWIS BROWNE.

Moderato.

Not slow

O Gra-cious God, in

Whom I live, My fee-ble ef-forts aid: Help me to watch, And

pray, and strive, Tho' trem-bling and a-fraid. In-crease my faith, in-

crease my hope, When foes and fears pre - vail; ——— And bear my faint-ing

p *Slower*

spir - it up, Or soon my strength will fail. ——— O Gra-cious God, in

f *a tempo*

Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid. ———

p **Tempo I.**

When - e'er temp-ta - tions fright my heart, Or lure my feet a -

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The vocal melody begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "When - e'er temp-ta - tions fright my heart, Or lure my feet a -". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

side, ——— My God, Thy pow'r - ful aid im - part, My

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "side, ——— My God, Thy pow'r - ful aid im - part, My". A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern, featuring a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

Guard-ian and my Guide. ——— O keep me in Thy heav'n - ly way, And

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "Guard-ian and my Guide. ——— O keep me in Thy heav'n - ly way, And". A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the bass staff.

bid the tempt - er flee; And let me nev - er,

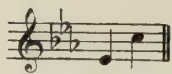
nev - er stray From hap - pi - ness and Thee. O

rit. *fa tempo*

Gra - cious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid.

p *rall.*

The old kirk yard.



Words by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Music by J. LEWIS BROWNE.

Not too slow. ⁺

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Not too slow. ⁺'. The lyrics are: 'O come, come with me to the old kirk yard, I well know the path though the soft green sward, Friends slum-ber there we were wont to re-gard, — We'll'. The piano part features chords and arpeggiated figures. There are dynamic markings: 'p' (piano) at the beginning of the first system and 'f' (forte) in the second system. There are also phrasing slurs and breath marks in the vocal line.

O come, come with me to the

old kirk yard, I well know the path though the soft green

sward, Friends slum-ber there we were wont to re-gard, — We'll

⁺ A moderate two counts in a measure.

trace out their names in the old kirk yard.

p Oh!

espress.

mourn not for them, — Their grief is o'er, — Oh! weep not for

them, — They weep no more, For deep is their sleep, Though

rall.

colla voce.

mf

a tempo.

cold and hard their pil - low may be in the old kirk yard.

a tempo.

colla voce.

p
I

rall.

mf *p*

a tempo.

know it is in vain, when friends de - part, To breathe kind —

words to a bro - ken heart; — I know that the joy of

life seems marr'd When we fol - low them home to the

old kirk yard. But were I at

rest be - neath yon tree, Why should'st thou weep, — dear

love, for me, I'm way - worn and sad, — Ah! why

then re - tard The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard.



To Marcelle Stanton



Marcelle!

FRANK L. STANTON

J. LEWIS BROWNE

without dragging

Moderato

There is no sweet - er place to dwell Than

con passione

here, Mar-celle! Could an-gels love you half so well as I, Mar-celle? There's

not in heav'n an an - gel bright Could match your liv - ing eyes of light! God

no retard.

grant I'll nev-er say good-night To you, Mar - - celle! What

accel.

sto - ries sweet hath heav'n to tell To you, Mar - celle? What

ech-oes where their an-thems swell, Like yours, Mar-celle? There where Faith— makes a

gild - ed dome For all the shel - ter - less that roam, What

like your kiss when I come home, To you, Mar - celle?

accel. *f*

All sor-rows which the day be-fell seem'd faint, Mar-celle! I on-ly knew you loved me well, Mar-

p *pp*

Broader

celle Mar-celle! A cab - in door was home to me, And in your Love's sim -

ad lib

plic - i - ty Earth sweet - er seem'd than heav'n could be, Mar - celle, — Mar-

colla voce

Tempo I.

celle! _____

A-against God's love I should re-bel If

you, Mar-celle, Should break of Love the mag-ic spell that made Mar-celle! God

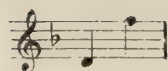
would have noth - ing for me there, Where shine His an - gels, crown'd and fair, Save

your bright eyes and golden hair, Mar-celle,

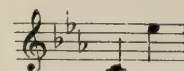
Mar - celle! _____



High Voice



Medium Voice



Low Voice

This Earth were Heaven

To Mrs. Louise S. Eckhardt, Philadelphia

THOMAS MOORE

J. LEWIS BROWNE

Allegretto

mf By the fair and

brave— Who— blush - ing u - nite, Like the sun and

wave,— When they meet at night; By the tear— that

shows — When pas - sion is nigh, — As the rain-drop

colla voce *rit.*

flows — From the heat of the sky; —

a tempo *rall.* *ff* *a tempo*

con forza

By the first —

mf *rall.* *mf a tempo*

love - beat Of the youth - ful heart, By the bliss to

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. The lyrics are: "love - beat Of the youth - ful heart, By the bliss to".

meet, — And the pain to part; — By all that Thou hast to

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a fermata over the word "part". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with moving chords. The lyrics are: "meet, — And the pain to part; — By all that Thou hast to".

mor - tals giv'n, by all that Thou hast to mor - tals giv'n, Which oh, could it

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the word "Which". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked "col canto" in the right hand. The lyrics are: "mor - tals giv'n, by all that Thou hast to mor - tals giv'n, Which oh, could it".

a tempo *molto rit.* *ff* *a tempo*

last, ——— This earth were heav - en! By all that Thou hast to

colla voce *ff*

mor - tals giv'n, by all that Thou hast to mor - tals giv'n,

con passione

Which oh, could it last, ——— This earth were heav'n! ———

Serenata.

from "LA CORSICANA"

Medium Voice.

STUART MACLEAN.

J. LEWIS BROWNE.

Allegretto. (♩ = 80)

Nan -
Nan -

ni - na! Nan - ni - na!
ni - na! Nan - ni - na!

Vie - - - ni al ve - ro - ne! Nan -
Look - - - from thy win - dow! Nan -

p

simile

ni - - na! Nan - ni - - na!
 ni - - na! Nan - ni - - nā!

Vie - - - ni al ve - ro - ne!
 Look from thy win - dow!

Mi - ra la lu - na ch'in - ar - gen - ta il mar! Nan -
 See where the moon - light streams o - ver the sea! Nan -

ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Non o - di il mio can - to?
 ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Why sleep - est thou so sound - ly?

f rall. *p a tempo.*

*lento.**p a tempo*

Ca - ra, l'a - man - te non far a - spet - ta - re!
 Come where thy lov - er is wait - ing for thee! —

Nan -
 Nan -

ni - na! — Nan - ni - na!
 ni - na! — Nan - ni - na!

Oh! — T'a - do - ro!
 Oh! — I love thee!

Nan -
 Nan -

ni - na! — Nan - ni - na!
 ni - na! — Nan - ni - na!

rall. *a tempo.*

Oh! T'a - do - ro! Nan -
 Oh! I love thee! Nan -

colla voce. *a tempo.*

con anima

ni - na, l'a - man - te at - ten - de e so -
 ni - na, thy lov - er is look - ing and

f con anima

ff

spi - ra, Nan - ni - na, Nan - ni - na, per
 long - ing, Nan - ni - na, Nan - ni - na, for

ff

te!
 thee!

p

Tempo I

2. Nan - ni - na! _____ Nan - ni - na!
 2. Nan - ni - na! _____ Nan - ni - na!

O - - di il mi - o can-to! _____ Nan - ni - na! _____ Nan -
 Pit - - - y my pas-sion! _____ Nan - ni - na! _____ Nan -

ni - na!
 ni - na!
 O - - di il mi - o can-to!
 Pit - - - ty my passion!

Vie - ni al ve - ro - ne e sor - ri - di a me! Nan -
 Lean from thy win - dow and smile up-on me! Nan -

f *a tempo.*

ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Lo zef-fi-ro e i fio - ri, Le
 ni - na! Nan - ni - na! Nan - ni - na! The night-wind, the flow-ers, the

p

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

stel-lee l'a-man-te so-spi-ran per te! Nan - ni - na! Nan-
 stars and thy lov-er are long-ing for thee! Nan - ni - na! Nan-

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

ni - na! Oh! T'a -
 ni - na! Oh! I

do - ro! Nan - ni - na! Nan-
 love thee! Nan - ni - na! Nan -

ni - na! Oh! T'a -
ni - na! Oh! I

do - ro! love thee! Nan - ni - na! l'a -
Nan - ni - na! thy

f con anima

man - te at - ten - de e so - spi - ra, Nan -
lov - er is look - ing and long - ing, Nan -

ni - na, Nan - ni - na, per te!
ni - na, Nan - ni - na, for thee!

ff *p*

The Myrtle and Steel.

35

Words by

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Music by

J. LEWIS BROWNE.

Maestoso.

***f* Declamando**

Voice.

Piano.

f

One bumper

yet, gal-lants, at part - ing, One toast ere we arm for the fight;— Fill

f

sotto voce.

round, each to her he loves dear-est 'Tis the last he may pledge her, to night.

p

Moderato.

p

cresc.

Think of those who of old at the ban - quet Did their weapons in gar-lands con-

cresc.

ceal, — The pa-tri-ot he-roes who hal-low'd The en-twin-ing of myrtle and steel!

Marziale.

f

Then hey for the myr-tle and steel, Then ho for the myr-tle and steel,— Let

ev'-ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr-tle and steel!—

ff

Then hey! Then ho! — Let

mf 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

f

ev' - ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr - tle and

steel! —

f

rall. *a tempo.*

p

Tempo primo.

p

'Tis in mo - ments like this when each bo - som With its high - est, ton'd feel - ing is

cres - - - - - cen - - -

warm, — Like the mu - sic that's said from the o - - - - - cean To

accel.

Marcato.

rise ere the gath - er-ing storm, That her im - age a-round us should ho

Marcato.

ver, _____ Whose name, though our lips ne'er re - veal, _____ We may

breath'e mid the foam of the bum-per, As we drink to the myr-tle and steel.

Then hey for the myr-tle and steel, Then ho for the myr-tle and steel,— Let

ev' - ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr-tle and steel,

ff

Then hey! Then ho! Let

mf 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

ev' - ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr-tle and steel,

f

Allegro risoluto.

f

f

Then mount, for the bu - gle is ring - ing To mar-shal the host for the

ff

fray, — Where proud - ly our ban - ner is fling - ing Its folds in bat - tle ar-

f

Agitato.

ray; — Ye gal-lants one mo-ment re-mem-ber, When your sa-bres the death-blow would

p

deal, That Mer - cy wears her shape who's cher-ish'd By lads of the myr-tle and steel.

f Then hey for the myr-tle and steel, Then ho for the myr-tle and steel,— Let

ev'-ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr-tle and steel!

Then hey! Then ho! Let

lov'd a fair maid, Fill

ev'-ry true blade that e'er lov'd a fair maid, Fill round to the myr-tle and steel!

